

## Southern Manufactures.

Baltimore Manufacturers' Record.

The wonderful increase of the manufacturing industries of the south is steadily attracting increased attention in the business world. The natural advantages possessed by the south for manufactures of almost every kind are unsurpassed by any other part of this country. These things are making themselves strongly felt, and their influence is rapidly spreading. The press of the country is gradually waking up to the redistribution of industries now in progress, and by which the south is to take a leading position in the manufacturing world. In discussing these points, and especially those relating to the rapid increase of cotton manufacturing in the south, the *Textile Record*, of Philadelphia, the acknowledged authority upon the textile interests of the country, says: "The National Cotton Exchange reports the quantity of cotton taken to southern mills for consumption during the crop year ending August 31st last at 286,594 bales, as compared with 225,311 bales the previous year—an increase of 61,283 bales, or more than 27 per cent.; the northern spinners having taken 1,077,581 bales only, as compared with 1,713,626 bales last year—a decrease of two per cent. This," the *Record* says, "shows a rapid gain in southern cotton-spinning and a probable consumption there of a much larger quantity hereafter. It is evident that in a redistribution of industries now going on the south is to become largely manufacturing, and that the intense activity of the western interior is to furnish a market for its products, at least equally with the north."

"It is not an agreeable thing," says the *Record*, "for northern men who have money invested in mills and machinery for the manufacture of low-grade cottons to contemplate the movement of this industry toward the south. But the fact that the southern states are rapidly acquiring the power to produce these goods is as indisputable as the fact that southern mills can make them more cheaply than northern mills can. Statistics respecting the development of cotton manufacture in the south supply abundant evidence in this direction, and further proof may be found in the circumstance that while southern mills consumed only 225,311 bales in 1880-81, they consumed 286,594 bales in 1881-82. This movement is occurring at a time when there is already an over-production of cottons of the inferior grades; and however unpleasant the truth may be, northern manufacturers will find it much wiser to accept the facts of the situation and to adjust their operations in the future to the new conditions."

In speaking of coarse yarns, the *Record* says: "There is quite a distinct promise that the south, in fact, will be able to supply the bulk of the demand, and that the northern mills which have hitherto supplied it will be compelled to produce fabrics of a higher grade or to go out of existence. \* \* \* The tendency is in a marked degree in this direction, and the men who will receive the largest profit are those who will be first in the field. Much invested capital will have to be sunk, much good machinery cast aside, and much acquired skill regarded as useless by those who accept the situation; but there can be no wisdom in hesitating to make the sacrifice when to refuse to make it means ruin at any rate."

These words, coming as they do from such a source as the *Textile Record*, must have much weight. They only, however, repeat what the *Journal of Commerce and Manufacturers' Record* has long claimed. We have shown by actual figures again and again that cotton could be manufactured more cheaply in the south, where produced, than in the north, and the stern logic of events is proving the correctness of our position on this subject.

It is not, however, in the manufacture of cotton alone that the south is moving to the front. There are other industries destined to be of equal importance with cotton manufacturing that are rapidly being developed in the southern states. Mining is steadily attracting increased attention, and from all parts of the south come reports of the great increase of this industry. Coal, iron, copper, gold, silver and other metals are all found in abundance in that section, and the mining of them is proving very profitable. Iron works, saw mills, and manufacturing establishments of various kinds, are springing up so rapidly that the south is sure to develop not only a large cotton manufacturing business, but also vast manufacturing interests of other kinds in the general redistribution of manufactures now going on.

## Autumn Thoughts.

In the Rocky Mountains now the eternal whiteness is stealing down toward the foothills, and the brown

mantle of October hangs softly on the swelling divide, while along the streams, cottonwood and willow are turned to gold, and the deep green of the solemn pines lies farther back against the soft blue of the autumn sky. The sigh of the approaching storm is heard at eventide, and the hostile Indian comes into the reservation to get some amica for his children and to heal up the old feeling of intolerance on the part of the pale face.

He leaves the glorious picture of mountain and glen, the wide sweep of magnificent nature, where a thousand gorgeous dyes are spread over the remains of the dead summer, and folding his tepee, he steals into the home of the white man that he may be once more at peace with the world.

The hectic of the dying year saddens and depresses him, for is it not an emblem to him of the death of his race? Is it not to him an assurance that in the golden ultimately, the red man will be sought for on the face of the earth and he will not be able to represent. He will not be there either in person or by proxy. Here and there may be found the little silent mounds with some glass beads and teeth in them, but the silent warrior with the Roman nose will not be there.

The Indian agent will have a large, conservative cemetery on his hands and the brave warrior will be marching single file through the corridors of the hence.

At this moment he does not look romantic. Clothed in a coffee sack and a little brief authority he would not make a good vegnette for a \$5 bill. His wife, too, looks care-worn and the old glad light is not in her eye. Her gunny-sack dolman is not what it once was, and her beautifully arched foot has spread out over the reservation more than it used to. Her step has lost its old elasticity and so have her suspenders.

Autumn brings to her nothing but regret for the past and hopelessness for the future. The cold and cruel winter will bring her nothing but bitter memories and condemned government grub. The solemn hush of nature and the gorgeous coloring of the forest do not awake a thrill in her wild heart. She cares not for the dead summer or the mellow mist of the grand old mountains.

She doesn't care two cents. She knows that no sealskin saccue will come to her on the Christmas trees and the glad welcome of the placid and select oyster is not for her.

Is it surprising, then, that to this decaying belle of an old family the sparkle of hope is unknown? Can we wonder, as we contemplate her history, that to her the soldier pantaloon of last year and the bullwhacker's straw hat of '79 are obnoxious?

She is like her sex and her joy is fractured by the knowledge that her moccasins are down at the heel and her stockings existing in the realms of fancy. We should not look with scorn upon Mrs. Rise-up-William-Riley for hope is dead in her breast, and the wigwam is desolate in the sagebrush.

Daughter of a great nation, we are not mad at you. You are not to be blamed because the Republican party has busted your crust. We do not hate you because you eat your steak rare and wear your own hair. It is your own right to do so if you wish. Brace up, therefore, and take a tumble, as it were, and try to be cheerful. We will not massacre you if you will not massacre us. All we want is peace, and you can wear what you like, only were something, if you please, when you come into our society. We do not ask you to conform strictly to our false and peculiar costumes, but wear something to protect you from the chilling blasts of winter and you will win our respect. You needn't mingle in our society much if you do not choose to, but wrap yourself up in most any kind of clothing that will silence the tongue of slander, and try to quit drinking. You would get along first rate if you would only let liquor alone. Do not try to drown your sorrows in the flowing bowl. It's expensive and unsatisfactory. Take our advice and swear off. We have tried it, and we know what we are talking about.

You have a glorious future before you, if you will cease to seek the vintage of the pale face, and monkey with petty larceny. Look at Pocahontas and Mrs. Tecumseh. They didn't drink. The were women of no more ability than you have, but they were high-toned, and they got there, Eli. Now they are known to history along with Cornwallis and Tom Payne. You can do the same if you choose to. Do not be content to lead a yellow dog around by a string and get inebriated, but rise up out of the alkali dust, and resolve that you will shun the demon of drink.

You ought to be ashamed of yourself.—*BHM Ngr.*

## THE HOHENZOLLERNS.

Kaiser Wilhelm, His Son, His Grandson, and His Great-Grandson.  
Dresden Correspondence New York World.

One wondered when the military labors—for following the maneuvers of an army corps on horseback is no holiday work—and the amusements of the week are over, whether the emperor did not heave a sigh of relief and wish that he might for once travel about a bit without being subjected to repetitions of scenes that he must have assisted at a thousand times before. But those who know say he does nothing of the kind. He is as eager for amusement and as easily amused as a boy, and after a long day of varied festivities will ask whether that is all in a most regretful way. Truly not only an iron constitution but a healthy and elastic spirit must be conceded to a man of 85 to whom his long labors and his satisfied ambition have left so fresh and childlike a nature. His old doctor—almost as old as himself, and the only physician the kaiser will trust to regulate his daily life—reported to a friend of mine while here the difficulty he had in making him remember that he was no longer 40 years of age. His appetite for forbidden delicacies is as boyish as his appetite for parades and fetes. Even when he is taking the "cure" at Ems, and the strictest regimen should be required of him, he is not willing to do without a lobster for his daily breakfast. One wonders not only that he, but that his responsible physician, has lived so long.

If one were to pick out of all the families in the world one which would by its physical appearance do honor to the greatest of contemporary thrones, one could not find a better than this Hohenzollern race. Their strength and manly beauty are famous amid the royal houses of Europe, so generally far from healthy or handsome. What the emperor looks like is well known—a perfect picture of a monarch and a soldier, the most splendid specimen of kingly old age one could conceive. His son is almost as imposing and even handsomer in feature, with a beauty which no plainness of apparel could detract from and which the utmost gorgeousness of a gala uniform seems but rightly to adorn. One often hears the fact regretted, therefore, that this splendid Hohenzollern stock has been injured by his marriage with Queen Victoria's daughter. For that it has been injured one sees very plainly by looking at young Prince William, who is the next heir to the throne, and whose little son, born some months ago, completes the unusual spectacle of four living generations in direct male descent. He is not a Hohenzollern at all in his looks, unfortunately, but a true child of his mother and grandmother. Moreover he is infirm as well as unbecomingly body. One of his arms is either stunted or paralyzed, and from his face one cannot predict a continuance of either the sound sense, warlike ability or fine character of his elders. However, he is very young and may improve, and perhaps his little son will be more of a Hohenzollern and less of an Englishman. His brother Henry, now about 15 and a naval officer, is far better to look at—Hohenzollern through and through—and gives one the impression of being stronger and cleverer. Of course, when the above-mentioned baby was about to make its entry into the world there was much apprehension lest it should prove a girl. Not only the natural wish on such occasions prevailed, but also the desire that the four generations might complete themselves in the masculine line. These German princes, stately though they are on state occasions, are *hüergerlich* enough in their private lives—one great reason why they are beloved by their people. So when the decisive hour approached the crown prince walked impatiently up and down in front of his daughter-in-law's just as any plebeian papa might have done. The "little prince," as Prince William is popularly called, at last put his head out of the window and called in naive ecstasy: "Papa, papa, it is a boy after all!" "Of course," shouted his father in reply, "what else could it have been?" Great was the joy in the house of Hohenzollern, and as soon as possible the four generations were photographed together, the old kaiser with the tiny baby on his knee and the papa and grandpa beaming upon them from either side. The "Four Emperors," as the picture is called, is sold by hundreds all over Germany; and, looking at them, one can believe that the future of the family is well assured, and can understand also how it is that this royal family holds so warm a place in the hearts of its subjects.

## The Press.

Every intelligent citizen acknowledges the power of the press. Every

public enterprise appeals to the press for support; and it seldom fails to secure it, if it deserves it. The modern newspaper is itself a public institution, and therefore sympathizes with all others. It is not subject to the narrow and rigid rules which apply to merely private callings, but to the broad and enlightened principles springing out of its relations to the public and its duty to the people in the collection and publication of information relating to their interests. The business of journalism is no longer a mere incident to the printer's trade. It has become a great and learned profession, with honored fraternal organizations, similar to medical societies and bar associations. The newspaper is the great educator of the masses of the people. It visits them from week to week, induces them to read, and compels them to think. The intelligence of a family can be judged by the number and character of newspapers taken and paid for by it. The man who reads a newspaper is a citizen of the world. He feels an interest in the people of all lands, for their doings are brought home to his door. He rejoices with them in their fortunes and sympathizes with them in their misfortune. A good newspaper is next to the bible in ennobling mankind. The newspaper is also the great agent of progress and reform. Abuses do not reform themselves. The newspaper brings them to the notice of public opinion as often as it proclaims its imperious decrees. This glorious nation is blessed with a free press, and as long as it remains free from official censorship the liberties of the people are safe. Usurpation and tyranny cannot prevail against a free press.—*Printer's Magazine.*

## The Postal Telegraph Company.

The most important enterprise of the year, so far as it affects business in the United States, is the Postal Telegraph Company, of which Hon. A. M. Beard of Boston is president. The company is now constructing a through line from New York direct to Chicago, which will be completed by the first of December next, and will have a capacity for promptly transmitting between the two cities over 30,000 messages per day. Other trunk lines of like character will be built to Boston, Philadelphia, New Orleans, St. Louis, St. Paul, San Francisco and other important points. The wire consisting of a steel core weighing 200 pounds per mile, that will resist a tensile strain of 1,650 pounds, on which copper is deposited to the amount of 500 pounds per mile. The wire has greater conductivity, tensile strength and durability than iron wire. Messages will be transmitted over it by the Leggo automatic and the Gray harmonic systems which will permit 2,000 words a minute, being handled on each wire in opposite directions. By the Leggo automatic system the exact hand-writing of a message can be transmitted, while by the Harmonic system eight or more messages can be sent simultaneously over one wire. The company proposes to give the public cheap and uniform rates, and promises a certainty and celerity of transmission at all times, without regard to atmospheric condition. The company will issue stamps which can be used to prepay messages by attaching them thereto. The capital stock of the company is \$21,000,000.

## Why We Should Raise Sheep.

Statistical calculations have evolved the fact that the increase in the population of the United States has doubled once in 23 years. It is now about eighteen million larger than in 1860, and the natural inference is that in 1890 it will be about sixty-four million. Allowing four pounds of wool to each person, it will require two hundred and fifty-six million pounds of wool to meet the requirements of the inhabitants of this country ten years hence.

We are now large importers of wool, and yet we have countless acres of as good grazing lands as eyes ever looked at, with plenty of water, and climate in almost any section of the country adapted to the raising of sheep and the cultivation of wool. The growing demand for goods of all kinds of which wool forms the component part, makes it almost compulsory that this branch of industry should be carefully matured. In worsted goods our trade is growing rapidly, and unless we get our supply of wool from our own growers, this trade must leave our shores for the more hospitable ones of England and France, where it is tenderly watched over as an important source of wealth. We could and we should turn the balance of our trade largely in our favor, especially where there is so little cost attached and the inducements are so great.—*Southern Live Stock Journal.*

## Cotton-Seed Oil.

It is only a few years since both master and servant indignantly denied that cotton-seed in any shape was ever used as human food; now the refined oil is as generally used in the cuisine of the rich as in the simple diet of the poor. A year's experience in using it as a substitute for various other fats has given convincing proof that it may take the place of any of them. For frying purposes it is superior, as it does not scorch as quickly as anything else and gives a richer flavor to some things, like Indian meal pancakes. It is excellent for frying fish and doughnuts; the latter do not fat soak as readily as in lard and the oil left over is even better to use again. I use it altogether to shorten "egg bread," as our northern Johnny cake is called at the south, and have put it in cream-of-tartar biscuit and plain cake, but I do not like it as well as butter or lard, or when mixed with either. It has a slight flavor of its own that a delicate palate would detect, but which nine people out of ten would not be aware of, and it is not half as disagreeable as the taste of most of our lard, or poor butter. It is an unusual, rather than a disagreeable flavor, and it becomes pleasant by use. The men who work in the mill dip their bread in the oil instead of using butter. For salads it is infinitely superior to any olive oil I have ever tasted. The following recipe is popular with us: Heat a gill of vinegar and stir into it three tablespoonfuls of mustard rubbed smooth with a little water or vinegar, take from the fire and add a teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of oil, one saltspoonful of salt and the beaten yolk of an egg. This dressing will bear being enriched with from four to six tablespoonfuls of oil making it much nicer—a good beating distributes the oil perfectly. If we propose to eat it, the fewer our researches in the matter of lard, the more our composure as consumers, and the same may be said of other greases which enter into our cooking, but nothing can be purer or cleaner than cotton-seed oil as it is manufactured. I never had any become old or rancid, and those who object to animal fats from principle or prejudice can make it an ample substitute for all of them. A very fine quality of soap is made from this oil, which resembles the best castile. Our can is like a juggler's bottle from which we pour fourth liquid for a great variety of uses; from it we fill lamps, a little of it goes into the starch to keep the irons from sticking; it greases leather, and takes from the place of sweet oil in liniments. From its drying qualities when thinly covering exposed surfaces, no doubt it will yet be prepared to use in paints. In fact, the manufacture of cotton-seed oil seems to be a universal blessing, utilizing what had before been wasted and furnishing a substitute for lard to produce which swine are forced into a state of unnatural fatness that is destroying their constitutions and making them a prey of diseases which unfits them for but does not prevent their becoming human food.

## How the South Got Clover.

"That," said the guide, in answer to the question, "is what we call Egyptian clover. We didn't have it before the war, and none of us ever saw it or heard of it until Sherman and Johnson came. The seed was left on the ground by the armies, and now we wouldn't take anything for it." The grass, which has tiny leaf more like that of the native white than that of the red clover, grows all over the hillsides, at the edges of the woods, along the earthworks, and even forces its way into the tilled fields. In its growth it chokes out other hard grasses and all weeds, though fortunately it may be killed itself by plowing, or there might be too much of the good thing. Horses and cattle get fat upon it, so that on the battlefield there is pasture in places where before the fight nothing of value grew. This, truly, was an old revelation—that two opposing hosts, halting there like beasts of the jungle, to snap up trees, to tear the ground, to burn and to slay, should leave behind, not bones to bleach only, but seed wherefrom have sprung carpets and soft borders of green that enrich the waste places.

"What sort of a servant have you now?" inquired a lady of a friend she was visiting. "Oh, splendid," she replied, "he is a Chinaman and so methodical in his habits that I know just what he is doing at any hour in the day. He is now probably putting away the dishes and tidying up the kitchen. Come and see if I am right." She led the way to the kitchen, quietly opened the door, and there, in the middle of the floor, sat John Chinaman washing his feet in the dish-pan.

It has been ungallantly said that the telephone does what society rules have always been unequal to—compels women who use it to talk one at a time.